

mmstei, found, very soon after he had passed
 the House
 of Lords, both scale and splendour slipping
 away into
 squalor On his right, a series of small
 dwellings, good
 in design, but visibly decaying and gone
 down in the
 world, continued round the corner after he
 had turned
 on to the river front, where, after a brief period,
 he became
 involved in double rows of commercial
 buildings, wharves
 and warehouses, blocking any outlook, and in
 themselves
 dingy and depressing to the last degree
 Now, at last,
 the shabby little houses into which Abingdon
 Street used
 to sink, are being pulled down and replaced by
 vast office
 structures, on the American plan, in soaring
 glass and
 concrete, leading on to the new Lambeth
 Bridge Even
 now, however, the corner once turned, and
 the river
 glimpsed, the walker, after passing one line
 of modern
 if ugly houses which have an unimpeded view,
 and skirting
 the Tate Gallery, finds his view gone, and his
 sun cut off
 from him by the hideous Army Clothing
 Factory on one
 side and still uglier and very shabby
 commercial shacks
 and dug-outs—one cannot call them buildings
 —on the
 other In 1892, the first twenty odd houses of
 Grosvenor
 Road resembled those round the corner
 There were
 three or four small, low dwellings, almost
 cottages, there
 was a somewhat rowdy and disreputable
 public-house
 there was Mowlem's Works, not too bad as a
 building,
 but with no business to be there, there
 were three or
 four larger, older houses, whose fine interior

panelling
showed that they had known better days, now
falling into
grim and grimy dis-repair Then came an
oasis, of a
kind—a row of ornate modern dwellings, with
their front
door steps lifted above basements and adorned
with much
meretricious plaster work These houses were
moderately
icntcd for their size, owing to their undesirable
neighbours
—decay to the left, Millbank Penitentiary to
the right
By way of compensation, they have, and had, a
marvellous